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colors to picture vice; and, smitten with the charms of virtue, she employs her pencil to lend her a new lustre, to give her new charms, to render her more attractive. . . .

But where am I—where transported? Is it an illusion or a reality which strikes me? What powerful attraction holds my senses in suspense? What pompous edifice opens before my astonished sight? Is it the enchanted palace of some divinity? In these surprising beauties—these striking decorations—I recognize thy temple, O Painting! Where all thy treasures are displayed, thy riches dispensed, thy varied charms kindly spread out before our eyes. Here a frightful desert gives place to a superb city—the humble cottage is changed into a sumptuous palace. Here Flora embellishes the scene with her gay attire—there Bacchus and Ceres enrich it with their gifts. Now the barren mountains, the desert fields, uncultivated and uninhabited countries, depress our spirits; and again we rejoice at the sight of a hamlet in a delightful spot. . . . To night the most obscure, and to darkness the most profound, succeeds serenity and the brightness of a beautiful day. . . .

THE T SQUARES.

NO. I.—PHILOLOGUS BROWN.

ONE day last fall I left my office early in the afternoon, on various errands, which detained me until after business hours; when I returned it was some time after sunset, and the moon was shining brightly through one of the windows, illuminating my desk and my old arm-chair, and casting dark shadows over the rest of the room. I was somewhat weary and heated, and felt a strong inclination to sit down in my chair, to rest awhile before I finally left for home. How long I sat there I can hardly tell; to judge by the time when I left, it must have been an hour or more; but I can relate to the reader what occurred while there. I had scarcely begun to review in my mind the occurrences of the day, when I heard a noise in a remote corner of the room, something like two persons conversing in an under tone. Although I was sure there was nobody in the place, as I found the door locked when I came in, my feelings, on hearing the sounds, were less those of surprise than of curiosity to hear the conversation. I listened very attentively, therefore, and soon made up my mind that the sounds proceeded from a corner of the room which was now perfectly dark, where I knew my T Squares were—hung up on a nail. One of them was a long one, made of linden, the other was made of polished steel. Straining every nerve to catch the purport of the low sounds, I finally heard the steel Square say, "You need not set up any pretension of superiority in this democratic country, and whatever merits you claim on account of age, size, and experience, I think I may venture to say, I am not to be despised for my youth; the strength of the material I am made of guarantees a future which may be more brilliant than your past, and my weight may be considered an offset to your size, and as to experience,—well, I must confess you may be superior in that;—perhaps, it would be more becoming, however, to instruct me than to treat me with contempt, seeing that we have been thrown together, and are likely to remain in each other's society for some time. Suppose we at once relinquish all social distinc-

tions, and make ourselves as agreeable to each other as we possibly can. Now, I, for my part, would much like to hear your history; I have no doubt I could learn much that would be of use to me in after life, to say nothing of your example in the way of imparting to me that refinement which will render me worthy of your friendship."

The long Linden Square felt evidently flattered; its vanity had been touched. It swung to and fro several times, with a clatter somewhat in the same way as a popular speaker brushes up his hair, and places his thumbs in the armhole of his vest, by way of a prelude; "My dear fellow, I shall certainly be much pleased to extend to you any information in my possession, and I have no doubt I can give you some valuable hints as to matters and things in this office, also in others, in which I have served with distinction. As to pride, I am not guilty of such a weakness, although I have always cherished a proper degree of self-respect, which I think I owe to the antique institution of Linden T Squares. I must confess, that I have looked upon Iron Squares as upstarts who may some day crowd us out of our position in the artistic and scientific world, but seeing that you are so very polite and appreciative, I will extend to you the hand of fellowship, and give you some sketches of the more important events of my eventful life. I am part of a large linden tree which once stood in front of a baronial castle on the Rhine. The young baron went to Paris, where he spent more money than his father could conveniently provide for him. The old man one day, in a fit of desperation, gave orders to have every tree cut down on the place, that could be well spared, so as to raise an extra revenue towards paying the debts of his boy. You may imagine, and yet, perhaps, you can't, for really I do not know the exact imaginative capacity of Iron T Squares,—I say you may imagine what were the feelings of my parent tree when it was understood that he also was marked for the axe. That venerable tree felt sincerely attached to the place: it had seen the father of the old baron when he was a little boy, riding a hobby-horse under its shade; besides, I must confess there was a lurking apprehension that its parts might, perhaps, be applied to some useful purpose, which is very unpleasant to a baronial shade tree, that had spent a century in genteel idleness. However, the fatal day arrived, and with it the fatal axe, and my parent tree—that is, the trunk, was cut up into boards, and sold to a cabinetmaker. These were finally, after the lapse of some three years of retirement in a loft, subdivided into drawing boards, squares, and triangles, put together with great care, and sold to the dealers. After hanging in a narrow, dark store, with a strong smell of musk, for about two months I was resold one fine morning to a young student who used me once or twice and then left me neglected for some considerable time in one corner of a room, from whence I was finally taken, to be packed up in the bottom of a big box, and shipped to this country. Arrived here, my owner could find no one who would employ him, and when his money was all gone, he one day sold me for a small sum, to a practical architect, by the name of Brown," Philologus Brown—

"Excuse me for interrupting you," claimed in the Iron T Square; "What, pray, is a practical architect? I always thought that all architects who were actively engaged in business were practical architects?"

"Well," continued the Linden Square, "that is the way we understand the thing now at the present day; but you will remember that my advent in this country occurred some nineteen years ago; then a practical architect was so termed,

according to an ingenious and charitable invention of his own, and of his particular friends, in order to atone, by way of courtesy, for his being by no manner of means a theoretical architect."

"And pray how is it possible for a man to be a practical architect without first having been a theoretical one?" interrogated the Iron T Square.

"I will explain presently. Mr. Brown had been brought up a stair-builder, and had flourished in that trade like a green bay tree until 1837, when the crisis of that year finished him off. The old story, he could not pay his debts, nor get any more lumber on tick; besides, stair-builders were then cutting each other's throats on the few jobs which were to be had. One morning—I frequently heard him tell the story to his father-in-law, who used to come to the office I believe to chew tobacco with Brown, and quietly spit on the stove while Brown was talking and spitting around me where I was standing in the corner, by the chimney-piece—"One morning," said Brown, "I was run pretty short for provisions; the grocery man would not trust, and I felt it would be dangerous to chance upon a bit of sash cord, when it occurred to me that I had some books up in the garret which I might sell and raise the wind with; I went up to look for them, and the first object that struck my observation was Nicholson—a book I had bought in prosperous times, to learn some new-fangled notions out of, that were then going the rounds of the trade, in the way of springing stair-rails out of stuff no thicker than the rail,—I never could make out the confounded thing; there were too many lines and A B's in it, which bothered me more than the bit of stuff would have come to, if I had saved it." "Well," continued Brown, "the first thing that strikes my eye when I looked into the book, was the five orders;—I just read a little into it, and, by Jove, I found it quite an easy thing,—much less difficult than stair-rails. Thinks I to myself, supposing I set up architect!* The stair business is down, and such a move can only be for the better,—it certainly can't be worse. Instead of selling the books I pawned my clest of tools, and took Nicholson down to the kitchen fire. Before night I had mastered the Tuscan and Doric, and although the Ionic gave me some considerable trouble on account of the hifoluten (meaning volutes), which I could not manage to draw according to rule, I resolved that I would not mind that;—I could easily persuade customers when it came to the pinch, that the Ionic was rather expensive, and would not, after all, look quite so well as the Doric,—until I could get some fellow who could do the hifoluten with his compasses. So I hired an office, hung out a shingle, and have been practising in the trade ever since."

"Now I understand," again interrupted the Iron T Square, "what a practical architect means."

"You may have a remote idea of the thing," continued the Linden Square; "a kind of a farthing-candle glimpse of it rising before your mind's eye, but to possess that illumination on the subject which Divine Providence vouchsafed to me, you will have to hear the whole history of my acquaintance with old Brown. Perhaps I had better commence with a description of Philologus Brown as I saw him on our first acquaintance. You need not expect anything very romantic by the way of delineation, for my habits, as a true T Square, are rather more inclined to straight lines than graceful curves. Besides there was nothing very graceful about Philologus;—

he did not ride a prancing steed, nor was he drawn in a chariot;—he did not wear steel armor, nor did he carry a lance;—he used generally to walk down to the office from his house in Cannon street, in a shabby suit of black, particularly so in the regions of the projections, such as the elbows, knees, etc. He always wore a stove-pipe hat, a swallow-tailed, dress coat, summer and winter, and if he did not carry an umbrella, his weapon of defence and offence consisted of a hickory cane. His stature, if not majestic, was certainly tall, with a marked stoop of the shoulder, the symmetry of the figure somewhat disturbed by the industrious wielding of the jack-plane in former years. His face and head were, on the whole, imposing, owing to a very prominent nose and a bald head. Nature, in her eternal laws of equilibrium, however, appeared to have stunted his chin in a proportionate amount to the abundant supply of nose. His eyebrows were bushy and commanding; but his eyes somewhat vacant, unless particularly animated by some subject of interest, such as the five orders or a whisky toddy,—an alternation of which stimulants Philologus was rather subject to.—It is remarkable what an amount of work and talking he could perform in the course of a day, on a few crackers, taken at intervals at the office, if supplied liberally with the spiritual impulse, viz.: whisky toddy, hot in winter and iced in summer, alternated with a contemplation of the antique proportions as laid down in diameters. 'Give me the size of the diameter,' he used to brag to the mechanics going in and out of our office, 'and I will give you the size of every moulding from the plinth to the abacus. Architecture is a wonderful science, everything is laid down so exact, every member is defined with such nicety! but it takes a great amount of study to get the hang of it. I am studying myself into a perfect skeleton of skin and bone, such as you see me, and I do feel somewhat faint at the present moment. Come, John, let us take a drink.' Philologus was, withal, a very good-natured fellow, always pleasant to his customer, and not without native dignity. He would sit and smile, and forbear with their whims and their questions; always ready to hear suggestions, always willing to give his advice. He prided himself greatly on his success with the ladies whom he often visited to consult about the arrangement of dwelling-houses; and I do not wonder at it, for he was great on closets. Every nook and corner of his houses were filled with large and small closets, and where he could find no corners he produced them artificially. I say Brown was a good-natured man, yet there was one subject which, as he said, always riled him to the core; and that subject was the Gothic order, as he used to call it. You could not mention the subject in his presence without exciting his ire. I will never forget an interview I witnessed between him and a clergyman from down-east, who requested permission to converse with him on the subject of a new church which he proposed to build in his native place, somewhere in the neighborhood of Boston. 'Would Mr. Brown be pleased to show me some sketches which he may have in his portfolio,' suggested the clergyman, casting his eyes around the room, and finally resting them on the coal-box, as the only probable place where the said portfolio might be concealed. Mr. Brown never made sketches, and he solemnly declared 'that practice a shiftless way of spending time;' he always 'finished his drawings at once, ready to go into the hands of the builder for immediate execution;' he was 'a practical man who could go right through with a job as fast as anybody; only let him once know the size of the Meeting-house,

* This being the only term known to Brown of all termini technical of architectural lore.

how many people it was to seat, and he would lay it right square out,' then he clutched me tight in his left hand, flourished me over his head, and pulled his two-foot rule out of his pocket, all ready for action. The clergyman being a man of small stature, and rather feeble and nervous, started back in amazement, and the two looked at each other for about five minutes in silence; Brown defiant and challenging reply, expressing in every feature as much as if he said, 'I am the chap that can do it.'

"The clergyman, somewhat puzzled and at a loss what to say, remarked, 'Perhaps you would like to know something of the situation of our lot before you begin operations?' stammered out the reverend gentleman; 'perhaps I had better give you a description of the surrounding country,—the kind of materials we have in our neighborhood,—the peculiar notions of our people,' etc. Now, Brown, as I stated before, was an exceedingly polite and pleasant man, and here he thought was an opportunity to display his politeness, and at the same time his professional skill. 'I beg your pardon, sir, I make it a rule in my business never to trouble my customers with any curiosity and inquisitiveness; besides, your time is too valuable to entertain me with a description of your village and the farms surrounding it. My churches, sir, I design them after the established rules of architecture; and I can assure you they fit every kind of landscape that you may place them into, and if there should be any trees in the way which would be apt to hide the building from the view they can be easily cut down. As to material, I am quite aware that you have some of the finest lumber there that ever passed through a saw-mill, although in this place we prefer our western stuff, on account of the facilities for bringing it to market. You see I am a practical man; I have bought thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of stuff in my time, and I can tell you what a pile of lumber is, the moment I clap my eye on it.' Here Brown straightened himself up in his chair, took a chew of tobacco and rolling it rapidly in his mouth, finally deposited it in his left cheek; then cocked his right eye, squirted the golden juice straight before him, looking at the stranger as much as to say, 'Have you any architects down-east who can compare with me, hey?' The poor clergyman was half-choked with embarrassment. He rose from his chair, paced the room once or twice, twirling his hat, and evidently not knowing what to say or do next. Finally, his good common sense triumphed over a momentary thought of running out of the room; he sat down once more, and with the pleasantest air he could muster, he proposed the question of style as a matter of consideration for Mr. Brown. Brown rose, opened a drawer, and hauled out several large sheets of paper with drawings on them. 'This is the style I finish my ground plans in, all colored, as you observe, and black lined, on the best of drawing-paper. My elevations, I think, challenge anything on this side of the Atlantic, or the other side either, as you can see here,—the windows all painted blue, and the columns carefully shaded with India ink. My working drawings are all made with a view to practical execution; here is every plank and nail shown in the window-frames—all one-and-quarter inch stuff—no boards allowed to be used. I lay out all the bracketing for my cornices. Look at this egg-and-dart moulding, isn't it complete?' This was a poser for the reverend gentleman. He seemed to have gathered courage, however, and returned once more to the attack. 'I would like to know,' said he, 'whether you would propose the Grecian style, the Roman, the Romanesque, or perhaps the Gothic style?' 'It's the orders you refer

to,' said Brown, correcting him, 'and that depends much upon the amount your people are willing to spend, and upon the size of your meeting-house. If you can afford it, I should say decidedly go the Corinthian by all means. It does not cost so much more after all, if you get your caps carved here in New York. Our carvers are used to the Corinthian; they have patterns for all the different diameters, from the columns of a parlor mantel-piece up to those of a State-house. In the winter season they carve lots of leaves—why there are now boxes full, ready for market, all but the putting of them together.' 'And what is your idea of the Gothic style?' pertinaciously asked the Rev. gentleman, with an air of unconcern. 'The Gothic order,' says Brown, drawing himself up to his full height, and squirting a lot of tobacco juice at the hot stove; 'the Gothic order is a lot of flummery without any sense,—a contrivance of the barbarous nations of olden times, when science wasn't discovered yet;—it has gone out of fashion a long time ago, and I am sure will never be brought into use again in this enlightened Christian country. It has long been superseded by the five orders, which is the true architecture for civilized people. Why, look at the old Dutch houses in Albany, with the gable ends to the street, and the Romish church in Mulberry Street! You certainly won't think of building a Meeting-house in that style—if you do, I feel it due to my trade to decline the management of it.'"

Landscape-Gardening.

PRACTICAL,—NOT TECHNICAL.

LIKE all other human arts, landscape-gardening has its impassable limits,—beauty is within its compass, but the creation of sublimity is denied to it. We can neither create Mont Blancs, nor gather up the seas for a coveted horizon; though we may sometimes, by the judicious removal of comparatively trifling obstructions, immensely enlarge our sphere of vision; revealing the sublime, if not creating it; and the revelation of what exists, is as much a part of the landscape-gardener's art as the production of what is desirable and attractive.

But we have promised in our caption to be practical; and we must, therefore, deny ourselves any extended excursion into the realms of the sublime, and proceed to notice some preliminary considerations, which must be attended to before any practical plan of landscape-gardening can be decided upon.

On the geological character of the place depends, in great measure, the appropriate introduction of artificial, or the modification of natural masonry; in the construction of parapets, terraces, flights of steps, and rockeries; the facilities which may be expected for obtaining water for ornamental purposes, as small lakes, fancy fish-pools, and fountains. The choice, too, of trees and shrubbery should in many instances be determined by the geological features of the locality, while a mistake in the use of rock-work, arising from a neglect of all attention to this subject, has sometimes been productive of very ludicrous